

# Adair County News

VOLUME XXV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY MAY. 23, 1922.

NUMBER 31

## Commencement-Lindsey Wilson.

Not in many years, if ever, has more interest been taken than in this year in the closing exercises of Lindsey-Wilson. Neither has this school ever finished a more successful year than the one just ending nor has the outlook ever appeared as bright as at this time. The auditorium was crowded, many being forced to leave. Friday evening, where the graduating exercises were fully enjoyed by the immense gathering.

The invocation was pronounced in well chosen words by Rev. Wade. Following this was "Lovely Springtime," a chorus faultlessly rendered. Then came an essay entitled, "Sources of Power" well presented by Miss Ava Lockard. Mr. Frank Dillon next proved his ability as both a writer and speaker when he so well delivered his orations—"Ideals."

The next number was a reading—"As the Moon Rose" given by Miss Frances Strange in her most charming manner.

Misses Margaret Hynes and Gladys Fraser delighted the audience with an instrumental duet, "Laughing Waters."

Then came a most masterful address by Rev. J. G. Akin, of Lebanon. He chose for his subject "The Perils of the Time" and he held the closest attention of the large audience during its entire delivery. He was far from posing as a pessimist but at the same time he could not but see the urgent needs of the day and presented these truths with ringing force.

At the close of the address, diplomas were presented by Rev. Bennett to the following young people, Misses Mary Drake, Frances Strange, Ava Lockard, Ethel Garnett, Messrs. Frank Dillon, Olie Johnson, Wood Grider, Henry Garnett and Lura Harrison.

These worthy young people will be greatly missed when Lindsey opens her doors in September and their places are left vacant, but judging from the splendid record made by them while here, they will bring credit to this institution in whatever new paths they shall enter.

Mr. F. M. Green, a former teacher, offered a scholarship medal for the Training School department. When the final records were consulted it was found to be a tie between Misses Ethel Garnett and Margaret Hynes so the faculty gladly presented another medal.

In his announcements Rev. Bennett told something of the plans for the coming year and without a doubt the day is very near when this community can boast of one of the best equipped schools to be found anywhere. It is sincerely hoped and believed that it will at an early date be converted into a Junior College and when this becomes a reality it will satisfy a desire long felt by the people of this section of the state.

## Big Day At Columbia Fair Grounds July 4th.

There will be an all day celebration at the Fair Grounds on July 4th, good music, trotting races, running races, foot races and base ball game.

## Prizes in Penmanship Awarded in Seventh and Eighth Grades.

The contest for the prize in penmanship, in the 7th and 8th Grades of Columbia Graded and High School, was very close; many having made a decided improvement.

The honors in the 8th Grade were shared by Garnett Todd and Leighton Smythe each of them being awarded a fountain pen. One was given by Mrs. Hamlett, and the other by the teacher of the grade.

In the 7th Grade, Arthur Fletcher was the lucky boy, who also received a pen, awarded by Mrs. Biggs, teacher of these grades.

The Judges were Supt. F. E. Webb, Mr. J. O. Russell, Miss Nina Bickman.

## High School Commencement.

Last Tuesday night a large audience gathered at the Presbyterian church to witness the commencement exercises in the Columbia High School, and to hear the address delivered by Dr. J. L. McKee, of Kansas City, Mo.

At 8:45 the graduating class, Misses Virginia Smith, Ruth Miller, Pauline Allen, Mary Sinclair, Messrs. Fred Jackman and Earl Blair, and the undergraduates marched down the aisle, Mrs. C. M. Russell being at the piano, and took their stand on the stage, the undergraduates singing most enchantingly Pixies Band. Invocation by Rev. Jesse L. Murrell, followed, then came the valedictory address, by Miss Virginia Smith, who spoke in a clear and distinct voice, meriting the many compliments that were passed upon her composition, delivered orally in a most graceful and happy manner. The graduating girls and the under girl graduates were dressed in white, all wearing bouquets and looking charmingly. The young men were most becomingly attired.

Then came the violin solo—"Berceuse from 'Jocelyn,'" by Miss Frances Russell, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. C. M. Russell, piano. It was a most delightful rendition, and was played as only an artist draws the bow.

The address, by Dr. McKee followed his subject being "Ask Questions and Why." Last week we had an occasion to speak of the great ability of Dr. McKee and the audience knew that a treat was again in store for the assembly. When the speaker announced his subject we asked what will he get out of it? We were not disappointed. It was full of knowledge and abounded in much information and splendid advice to the class, and was highly entertaining to the many who heard it.

Following this very splendid address, came an appropriate speech from Prof. Prather, who delivered the diplomas.

The graduates received many handsome presents.

My big type appeared Polan China is ready for service, \$1 at the gate, also some pigs for sale.

Clyde Patterson, Bliss, Ky.

## An Appreciated Visit.

Dr. J. Lapsley McKee's visit to this place, last week, was highly appreciated by all who had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with him. It was the first time he was ever in Columbia, being born in Louisville after his father, Dr. J. L. McKee, removed from Columbia. The name, McKee, surrounded him with friends, as his lamented father was loved by the entire community. The son is intellectually strong, an able and forceful speaker, and one of the easiest conversationalists we ever heard talk. While here he made his home with Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Coffey, the latter being a relative. Every attention was shown him. He went horse back riding into the farming sections with Mr. Coffey, and members of the family took him several strolls over Columbia and its suburbs. He said to us, before leaving, that he was enjoying his visit to the fullest, and that he would be glad to return some time in the future.

A Chautauqua is not only entertaining but elevating.

## Decoration Day.

On the 30th day of May there will be decoration services at Carmel Church. In the forenoon at 10 o'clock there will be a march, at 11 o'clock Rev. R. V. Bennett will preach, and in the afternoon speeches will be made by Messrs. J. R. Garnett and Gordon Montgomery. Dinner on the ground; everybody invited.

Mr. J. W. Moran, a thrifty farmer, set his tobacco, three acres, on the 11th of May and he finished working it out last Saturday. Little remarkable.

## HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

PAHSON IS A MIGHTY FINE PREACHER, CEPN HE EXPOUNDS ON DE TABLE SO HAHND WID HE FIS' A MAN JES' CAINT TAKE A NAP!



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## Music and Expression Recitals.

The management of the Lindsey-Wilson was very much gratified last Wednesday evening to greet an unusually large audience which assembled in the chapel and wings to witness the rendition of a program in the departments above mentioned—Miss Bushong being the instructor in music, and Miss Katie Murrell, Expression. The program was necessarily long, but it was good from the beginning, not a mistake made throughout. We have not space to comment on each rendition, but here are the names of all who appeared upon the stage:

Margaret and Mail Clayton, George Staples, Jr., Milton Grissom, Frank and Josephine Turney, John Murrell, Jr., Ruth Stockton, Frances Ballou, Kenneth Wells, Margaret Hynes, Bessie Hurt, Annie Kate Irvine, Lynn Phelps, Sadie Mullinix, Frank Dillon, Ava Lockard, Louise Bennett, Elsie Judd, Alta Barbee, Frances Holladay, Opal Waggener, Marquerite Bennett, Rena Garnett, Vivian Long, Iva Lewis, Gladys Ingram, Lucy Kelsay, Raymond Shreve, Lucile Winfrey, Margaret Clayton, Zora Edna Bell, Ruth Hill, Elvira Huber, Bessie Stockton, Mary Wood Judd, Margaret Hynes, Marguerite Royse, Gladys Fraser, Mary Stevenson, Sadie Mullinix, Mary Orleua Bell. The names are given as they appeared upon the program. Where a name appears twice the performer had parts in both departments.

All who appeared before the audience deserve especial praise, as each one gave their number faultlessly. The teachers make no mistake at the close of a school to have their pupils take the stage and show their parents and friends what has been done in the way of advancement during the year.

## Settled.

Columbia, Ky., May 18, 1922. This is to certify that J. E. Murrell, agent of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, has this day paid me one thousand dollars, the amount of insurance my deceased husband carried in said company.

Mrs. Henry Hurt.

Lost, a white silk embroidered handkerchief on Greensburg street. The finder will please return to this office and receive a reward.

Mr. Horace Walker is now engaged in extending the concrete porch, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller, giving it more frontage and taking in the west side of the residence. It will be a very noticeable improvement.

## DeMolay Sewing Machine at Dohoney & Dohoney.

Our correspondents will please send their communications more promptly. Send letters so as to reach the office on Thursday.

Purchase season tickets to the Chautauqua. It saves money.

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

AT COLUMBIA, IN THE STATE OF KENTUCKY, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MAY. 5, 1922.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts, including re-discounts, acceptances of other banks, and drafts sold with indorsement of this bank (except those shown in b and c).....	\$217 246 10
Deposited to secure circulation U. S. Bonds (par value).....	\$25 000 00
All Other United States Government securities.....	\$24 050 00
Total U. S. Government securities.....	\$49 050 00
Other Bonds, Stocks, Securities, etc.....	18 506 16
Banking house, \$1 000 00; Furniture and fixtures, \$500 00.....	1 500 00
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank.....	19 536 99
Cash in vault and amount due from National Banks.....	61 042 24
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank [other than item 12].....	734 10
Total of items 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13.....	\$1 776 34
Checks and drafts on banks [including Federal Reserve Bank] located outside of city or town of reporting bank.....	212 99
Miscellaneous cash items.....	697
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer.....	1 250 00
Total.....	\$399 084 65

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	25 000 00
Surplus fund.....	50 000 00
Undivided profits.....	\$ 6 651 63
Reserved for interest and taxes accrued.....	\$2 005 00
Reserved for.....	\$9 246 63
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid.....	\$2 511 78
Circulating Notes outstanding.....	6 744 35
Amount due to national banks.....	25 000 00
Total of items 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.....	282 339 50
Individual deposits subject to check.....	282 339 50
Dividends unpaid.....	none
Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve. Items 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31.....	\$282 339 50
Total.....	\$399 084 65

STATE OF KENTUCKY, )  
COUNTY OF ADAIR, ) ss:

I, Bruce Montgomery, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
Bruce Montgomery, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of May, 1922.

Leonora Lowe,  
Notary Public  
Commission expires Jan. 13th, 1925.

Henry N. Miller,  
Braxton Massie,  
J. F. Montgomery, Directors.

One second-hand Buggy and Harness. Price \$25.00. Come at once.

S. F. Eubank.

## Mrs. Ira Powers Dead.

Mrs. Ira Powers, who was Miss Rose Sinclair before her marriage, and resided with her parents, Judge and Mrs. W. S. Sinclair, this place, died at Harrodsburg, a victim of typhoid fever, last Saturday night. She was sick four or five weeks and at times she was thought to be improving. A short time before her death it was noticed that she was weakening, and her father, who was at Loretta, and her mother and sisters here were notified and they left immediately to be at her bedside, but Death came before they reached Harrodsburg. She was quite a young woman and besides her husband she leaves a little son, father and mother and three sisters. It was a sad message that announced this death, as the deceased had many noble traits of character and she was very much loved by her former associates.

The remains were shipped to Adair county and the funeral and burial took place at Tabernacle Church Monday afternoon. The church was filled with sorrowing friends and there were many beautiful flowers.

This town extends its profoundest sympathy to the husband, father, mother and sisters, and may the God of Love comfort them in this hour of their deepest sorrow.

## Wanted.

A bargain in a two or three horse power engine.  
S. L. McCaffree,  
Phone 106-1 Columbia, Ky.

Attention is called to the financial condition of the First National Bank, in a statement published this week, Mr. Bruce Montgomery, cashier.

## Public Library.

Why can not Columbia have a public library? If we were attempting to answer this question we would say that it is simply for the want of the spirit of public enterprise in the part of its citizens. It is large enough in population, and it ought to be able to secure sufficient money to start the enterprise in a modest way. Great and lasting enterprises often, and in part most usually, grow from small beginnings. The law authorize the establishment of libraries in towns and taxation for the purpose of maintaining them. A small sum assured each year would be a wise provision, and doubtless, private aid could also be had. In fact, through the commendable efforts of Miss Minnie Triplett, the nucleus of a library has already been secured. Through her efforts over four hundred books are being circulated and read in the community which have been bought and paid for. She should have not only individual, but also municipal support in this movement for the up-building of the community, for it is certainly a movement that will have that effect. Benjamin Franklin, the great philosopher and statesman, we believe, was the promoter of the first public library in the United States, the Philadelphia public library, and in his autobiography he tells of its small beginning he says, "So few were the readers at that time in Philadelphia, and the majority of us so poor, that I was not able, with great industry, to find more than fifty persons, mostly young tradesmen, willing to pay for this purpose forty shillings each, and ten shillings per annum. On this little fund we began. \* \* \* The institution soon manifested its utility, was imitated by other towns, and in other provinces. The libraries were augmented by donations, reading became fashionable, and our people having no public amusements to direct their attention from study became better acquainted with books, and in a few years men observed by strangers to be better instructed and more intelligent than people of the same rank generally in other countries."

Is it to our credit here in the town of Columbia—a town of schools and churches, that we are nearly two hundred years behind this wise man as to the need of a library in our midst accessible to our children and the public?

We ask again:  
Why can not Columbia have a public library?

Is the answer given above a satisfactory answer?  
If it is not, will some one tell us why it is not?

## Special Notice.

There will be a meeting of the Chautauqua Signors at the News office next Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Important. Be sure to attend.

## A Mean Trick.

Last Sunday afternoon week Mr. H. B. Garnett came from his home to Columbia, in a buggy. He hitched at the rack of Davis Hardware Store, and when the bell rang he went to the services at the Methodist church. Services over, he drove to the home of Mr. Bruce Taylor to have his daughter, who was stopping there, accompany him home. After Miss Garnett had gotten into the buggy and the start was made, a nut came off and the buggy dropped. Fortunately the accident occurred on a hillside and the vehicle was not upset. Neither Mr. Garnett nor his daughter were hurt, but it was a narrow escape. Miss Garnett returned to Mr. Taylor's and Mr. Garnett rode home horseback. The next morning he secured another nut and returned for his buggy. In the buggy he found the nut which had been removed. If it were possible to find the scamp who perpetrated this low down trick, he should be severely punished.

The News \$1.50 in Kentucky.

## Birthday Dinner.

One of the most remarkable birthday dinners ever given in Adair county was spread at the home of Mr. E. A. McKinley, in honor of his wife, last Sunday, she being forty-one years old. About ten o'clock friends commenced to arrive, and by the dinner hour two hundred and thirty-five persons had put in their appearance. Early in the morning Mr. McKinley sent his wife to Russell county under the pretext of looking after an important matter, and she did not know of the preparations that had been made to celebrate her birthday until she returned, about 12 m. friends having commenced to spread the dinner.

Dinner on the table, which was set in the yard, long enough for all to be waited upon at the same time, was wonderful to behold. Quite a number of large hams, boiled whole, quarters of mutton, a large number of chickens, salads of all kinds and cakes and pies in great abundance. Everything was prepared in a most appetizing manner, and it goes without saying that it was enjoyed to the fullest. After all the guests had retired from the table there was plenty of edibles left to have fed as many more. The dinner was largely complimented, and the guests surprised to see so much food cooked and managed by Mr. McKinley. Here is the way it was done. He percolated the hams, chickens and eggs from his own home in order to keep his wife in the dark and delivered them to his neighbors for preparation, all the edibles sent to the home during Mrs. McKinley's absence. The delicacies he also had prepared away from home. When dinner was announced the most inviting one we ever beheld, was before the guests. Thanks were returned by Rev. Donor, of Ohio, and in the usual length of time all was satisfied.

After dinner, Mr. McKinley passed the cigars and after fragrant smokes, there were singing and preaching, Rev. Donor delivering the discourse. Three gentlemen, who made a careful estimate of the cost of the dinner, placed it at \$150.

Mrs. McKinley was too happy to express herself and she received a number of handsome and useful presents.

It was certainly a day of enjoyment and those of Columbia who were honored with invitations return their sincere thanks.

A representative of co-operative tobacco marketing will be here and will speak to the growers next Monday, the 29. Come in and hear him.

## Eighth Grade Recital.

Twenty-six members of the Eighth Grade of Lindsey-Wilson presented to the public a very interesting graduation program—Thursday night. These young people acquitted themselves with honor and brought much credit upon their efficient teacher, Miss Rhodus. The preparatory department has been crowded this year and splendid work has been done.

## Lost.

Black silk umbrella with black and white ring and tips. Finder will please return to Mrs. Hamlett and receive reward.

I am prepared to do all kinds of woodwork. Shop well-equipped. Have just installed a ripping table and planing machine. Cabinets and tables a specialty. Shop over Darnell's Garage at Glensfork, Ky.

J. Clyde Marshall,  
31-26

There will be a Church rally at the Baptist church next Saturday. The services will continue during the day and there will be several ministers from a distance. Let all the members attend.

New High Grade Buggies at a low price.

S. F. Eubank.

See our 25c Enamel assortment.  
Dohoney & Dohoney.



# The Big Muskeg

by VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Illustrations by R.H. Livingstone

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## CHAPTER I.

### A Bolt From the Blue.

Eighteen below; fair weather for December in New Manitoba, where the forest, though it chills the soil till midsummer, yet shuts out the razor-edge of the winds that make the prairies, farther south, an icy inferno.

Here the bush, which had seemed to stretch out illimitably, thinned into bedraggled patches among the up-cropping rocks. A little farther and it began once more; the break was like a great, curving arm thrust into the heart of it, as if some giant fingers had plucked up the trees in handfuls and scooped the foundation from the frozen soil, and then had been withdrawn, leaving the imprints of the great finger-tips.

These finger-tips were huge sink-holes, sometimes filled with water, so that they formed clear lakes; more often sodden sponges of decayed vegetable matter, oozy, treacherous and unstable. The finger-lines were the circular ridges marking the subsidence of the mud. The thumb was Big Muskeg, which the two men who stood on the top of the hump-backed ridge could see extended beneath them.

Big Muskeg, at this point less than half a mile across, was everywhere of unsounded depth. It curved and wound, a river of ooze, now broadening into chains of lakes, now narrowing into trails; here and there crossed by tralls, but never stable, nowhere offering firm foundation for the permanent way of the Mississibi railroad.

The Mississibi was a branch line, feeding the new road that was pushing northward toward the ports-to-be on Hudson bay. It linked with it at Clayton, whence it was being extended eastward into a virgin wilderness. Even in the days when half a dozen companies were pegging out ways for lines that were to divert the wheat north, Joe Bostock's line had been the joke of legislatures and financiers. Those other lines that were being built into Clayton passed through the wheat-lands; Joe's line ran east out of Clayton into a wilderness. Joe Bostock had secured his capital, but he had no competitors.

And slowly Mississibi, with its small shareholders and limited means, had gone ahead. The first location parties had cleared a road to Big Muskeg. The rails had been laid half-way. But that was all, save for the partly constructed shacks and buildings for the workmen there, and the sheds for the construction material that had not yet been freighted in.

Joe, standing with legs straddling the top of the ridge, turned to Wilton Carruthers, the chief engineer of the company, with eyebrows arched and humorous inquiry on his weather-beaten old face. There was no need for speech at that moment, because the mind of each man dwelt on the identical problem.

The two men had come east by dog-sleigh, accompanied by two half-breeds, Jean Passepartout and Papillon, the one in charge of the dogs, the other carrying the transit-compass. They had camped seven miles back on the preceding evening, and had set out at daybreak to survey the swamp-lands from the ridge. For the problem which had suddenly risen up to confront them clamored for solution before construction could be carried forward, and on its solution depended the future of the Mississibi.

With the physical eye neither Joe nor Carruthers could hope to accomplish anything. Wilton was seeking inspiration, though he did not know it.

Theoretically he was endeavoring to discern some place where a foundation might be coaxed above the unstable, quaking surface with trestling and crib-work, a crossing that combined the least possible deviation of route with no more than four-fifths of one per cent of grade and four degrees of curve.

Actually and unconsciously he was seeking to interpret the natural convulsion which had, in time immeasurably remote, cloven the ridge of the land and set the swamp seeping into the fissure.

If he could read the meaning of that convulsion, understand the mind and mood of the great Architect, he could see, as if clairvoyantly, just where the Muskeg lay thinnest on the roots of the hills, where ballast would appear the soonest above the spiking swamp. But he could read nothing.

Joe Bostock wrinkled his eyes against the sunlight.

"That's what I was thinking, Wilton," he said. "But it's got to be done. Somebody'll build it some day if the Mississibi doesn't."

That was the nearest speech to despair that Joe, invincible, exuberant optimist that he was, had ever made. Weeks, months of resurvey must en-

sue, with work halted, and the Mississibi's precarious capital diminishing to vanishing point, while the story of the great blunder percolated through the lobbies of the provincial legislature, filled with bland, jeering, ill-conditioned men to whom one day's tramp such as their laborers performed would mean apoplexy.

Their faces haunted Wilton. He remembered half a dozen whom he had approached when the Mississibi scheme was first bruited abroad. There was, in particular, Tom Bowyer, of the New Northern line, his many interests entrenched behind the bulwarks of political influence. Joe Bostock had suggested an amalgamation in the belief that Tom Bowyer could wreck the bill in the legislature. But Tom had laughed in Joe's face, and had not even opposed the measure.

"Go ahead with your muskrat line, Joe!" he had said. "I won't hinder you."

The surveyors who made the preliminary reconnaissance had shirked their work and lied. Wilton suspected that most of them had been in Bowyer's pay. Bowyer and Bostock were old rivals. They had reported Big Muskeg to be an insignificant swamp with a firm underbed about the portage. It could be crossed, of course, in the end, since nature always yielded to man. But the Mississibi must either swing a huge loop around it, through territory unsurveyed, or set to itself the task of filling those unsounded depths with thousands of tons of rock.

"D-n you!" said Wilton, shaking his fist toward the valley. "We'll beat you yet. We've made a bad blunder, Joe. Crooked work, without doubt—but I can't imagine why Bowyer's gang should take the trouble to hurt us unless, of course, they guess—"

Joe Bostock shook his head. "No, they haven't guessed that, Wilton," he answered. "I'll stake my hat on that. There ain't nobody except me and you and Kitty knows. It's just bad luck, Wilton."

Joe could never sense treachery nor bring himself to believe in its possibility; and if that weakness had kept him, in the main, a poor man, it had bound his friends to him with unbreakable bonds.

"At the best it's gross negligence," said Wilton. "Those surveyors scamped their work. I accepted their reports. I couldn't go out with the transit and aneroid and follow them all up to check their results. But I might have sounded Big Muskeg. I didn't." His voice choked. "Joe, if you have any sense, you'll fire me first," he said.

Joe Bostock laid his hands on the other man's shoulders and the humor-



Joe Bostock Laid His Hands on the Other Man's Shoulders.

ous smile came on his face. "Well, I guess not, Wilton," he said. "You ain't to blame. You've done all that mortal man could do. The Mississibi couldn't have been built at all without you. Fire you? Why, Kitty'd have my life if I dared suggest such a thing."

Wilton frowned involuntarily at the reference to the pretty young wife whom Joe Bostock had married in Winnipeg the year before. Joe's first marriage had been unhappy; it had been long ago, and Wilton knew there had been a separation, though Joe was always reticent about that.

Kitty was five and thirty years younger than Joe, and she had intervened into a fast friendship of more than a decade between Joe and Wilton. It made a difference, as it always

does, though Joe had sworn it should not, and Kitty thought the world of Wilton.

Wilton could never understand his secret feeling about Kitty. She was devoted to Joe. Perhaps that was what lay beneath his latent antagonism toward her. He was jealous of her. He was jealous of a woman's love for Joe.

"I guess not!" said Joe Bostock again, pressing his hand hard down on Wilton's shoulder.

And, in that instant, Wilton heard the crack of a rifle, and felt a violent blow on the upper part of the left arm, which knocked him to the ground. As he fell, Joe Bostock pitched forward upon him.

Twice Joe's lips quivered, as if he was trying to speak. Then the lower jaw dropped and the eyes rolled upward. A grayish pallor crept over the face.

Wilton saw that Joe's mackinaw had a tiny tear in it, over the breast. A trickle of blood seeped through the cloth. He wrenched the garment open with his right hand, pulled up the sweater, and tore the shirt apart. The heart, fluttering like a wounded bird, stopped under his hand. Joe sighed once, but he never stirred again. The bullet had passed clean through Joe Bostock's heart from the back. And, as he tried to raise Joe's body, Wilton realized that the same bullet had broken his left arm, which hung limp from the shoulder.

He sprang to his feet, a mad wrath giving back to him his ebbing strength. He glared about him, but it was impossible to ascertain from where the shot had come. He could not even locate the direction within a hundred degrees, for Joe had been in the act of turning. Nobody was in sight, and the woods were silent.

His howling call of fury that went echoing through the trees elicited no answer. He tore strips from his handkerchief, holding it between his teeth, and, with his left hand on his knee, knotted them about a stick and improvised a tourniquet. The blood was spurting down his sleeve in jets, the pain was intense, and it was impossible to take off the mackinaw and hope to replace his arms in it; but he twisted with all his force until the diminishing flow showed that he had compressed the artery. Thrusting the longer end of the stick beneath his armpit, he passed the other through the buttonhole of the garment, and, stooping, managed to get Joe's body upon his shoulder and to hold it with his right arm.

His impulse was to carry Joe's body back to the camp, but he knew that it would be impossible to make the distance. Yet to leave it would mean the certainty of mutilation by bears or timber-wolves unless he could build a cairn of stones. And of that he was equally incapable. He set Joe's body down, and in the first full realization of his loss and his predicament, he shouted curses to the sky.

That murder had been intended he did not believe; no doubt the shot had been a bullet fired at some nearer mark, perhaps a hare, and by one of the half-breeds. He suspected that the transit-bearer, following them up, had fired the shot, and, seeing the fatality, had fled.

But the thought that this might be the explanation was only a fleeting one. Joe was dead, and his body must be cared for, just as if he were alive—taken back to the camp and thence out of the woods. There was no possibility of leaving Joe's body there. Yet it seemed to him that he could not hope to reach the camp. And now another idea came to him.

It was seven miles back to the camp, but only five to the portage over the frozen swamp. Upon the other side of the portage was a trail that came out of the prairie southward and wound into the unknown north. Along this Indians brought their winter catches to the trading-store of McDonald, the factor of the Hudson's Bay company.

Traveling was hard along the shore of the great Muskeg, but it would mean two miles less, and it was just possible to make the store. McDonald was a queer, taciturn, sometimes venomous old man, and had evinced a strong dislike of Wilton on the occasion of their last meeting. Yet McDonald would shelter him and receive Joe's body. And then there was Molly, his daughter.

Wilton, having made his choice, acted on it at once. With a great effort he raised Joe's stiffening form upon his shoulder; and doggedly he began his awful journey, his right arm grasping the dead man, his helpless left hugging the tourniquet-stick against his side.

He stumbled over the rough ground until he reached the cleared road through the trees. Here the going was easier, but the burden numbed his right hand and shoulder, the throbbing pain in his left seemed to beat time to his footsteps, and the ache of the cramping muscles increased the agony of his wound and began to spread down his body.

A wind sprang up, driving gusts of whirling snow into his eyes. A deadly lethargy was creeping over him, and presently, turning his head to shield his eyes from the beating blasts, he saw a trickle of crimson on the road behind him.

The tourniquet had loosened. He was bleeding his life away. The blood was gushing down his fingers. Wilton set Joe's body down and succeeded in tightening the compress. And it was only after an almost superhuman struggle that he could get Joe over his shoulder. He knew that if he was forced to set the body down again he could never lift it.

With knees bent, tripping over the

roots of the trees, and reeling through a swimming world, he staggered on and on and on. And neither his anger nor the thought of Kitty could have kept his resolution through that nightmare of pain. It was all Joe now, the memory of Joe, his love for him, and his resolve that his friend's remains should not be torn by the timber-wolves.

Joe had befriended him years before, when he had drifted, penniless, into Winnipeg. Joe's faith had been his own, and the secret of the Mississibi theirs.

So the miles reeled off behind him, while the wind increased and the snow fell thicker along the way. At last the trees opened, and the bleak shore of Big Muskeg lay before him, a desert of ice and snow, with the bluffs opposite, and beyond them the trees once more.

At once the fierce swirl of the gale caught him, whistling like sirens, boring into his face like white-hot probes. The ice that fringed his lashes blinded him and pulled them from the lids when he tried to open his eyes. He reeled on, clutching Joe's body, and heard his own voice go from him in shouts of despair. They rolled across the snow, and the echoes came in faint, mimicking answer from the distant cliffs.

Wilton retained sufficient consciousness of his surroundings to make his way along the shore toward the portage. He might have shortened his route to McDonald's store a little by risking a direct crossing; but the surface of a muskeg is always dangerous, even in midwinter, when the apparently solid ice conceals sink-holes of slush, which, mixed with peat and ooze, does not congeal firmly, and entraps the unwary traveler, a quick-mud from which escape is next to impossible.

The portage was firm ice, although it offered no foundation for a railroad bed. It ran between two openings in the low bluffs, and the store was visible from the farther shore.

The icy blasts pierced through Wilton's fur hood and mackinaw as if they had been cotton. His feet seemed like foreign bodies attached to his legs, up which he could feel the numbness creeping by inches toward his body. And when at last he reached the portage he looked out with incredulity toward the opposite shore, seeing only a flickering line of shadows through the slit between his frozen eyelids.

Resolutely clasping the frozen form with his right arm, he stepped out upon the surface. The wind, which blew through the gap with hurricane violence at almost all times, had swept the ice as a broom might sweep a rink, in enormous circles, glassy and firm, with whirling snow-piles round them. Wilton could progress only by inches, fighting the full blast of the gale, and seeing the line of his route only in fractions of seconds.

He saw the bluffs in front of him, and the opposite shore nearing. And he fought furiously against the creeping numbness, knowing that each second counted for victory. It was perhaps a hundred feet farther. He opened his eyes an instant. Eighty now—seventy, perhaps; one last effort to cross the portage.

Fifty feet! With all of will and consciousness that remained Wilton set his face resolutely toward his landing place, and strode on into the bank of snow piled up by the wind beneath the shelter of the bluffs. His feet sank through the crackling surface, he struggled shoulder-deep to win the last lap of the way. And of a sudden the ice broke under him and, twenty-five feet from the shore, the snare of Big Muskeg held him.

Instinctively he sought to gather purchase from the sides of the sink-hole into which he had fallen. The tourniquet-stick dragged through the yielding snow, the elbow of the arm that held Joe's body rested upon the ice. One instant he buoyed himself up by this means over the peaty slush that sucked at him beneath. Then, with a last cry that sounded above the roaring of the gale, he yielded. And, clutching Joe's body to his own, Wilton went down.

## CHAPTER II

### The Imprint in the Snow.

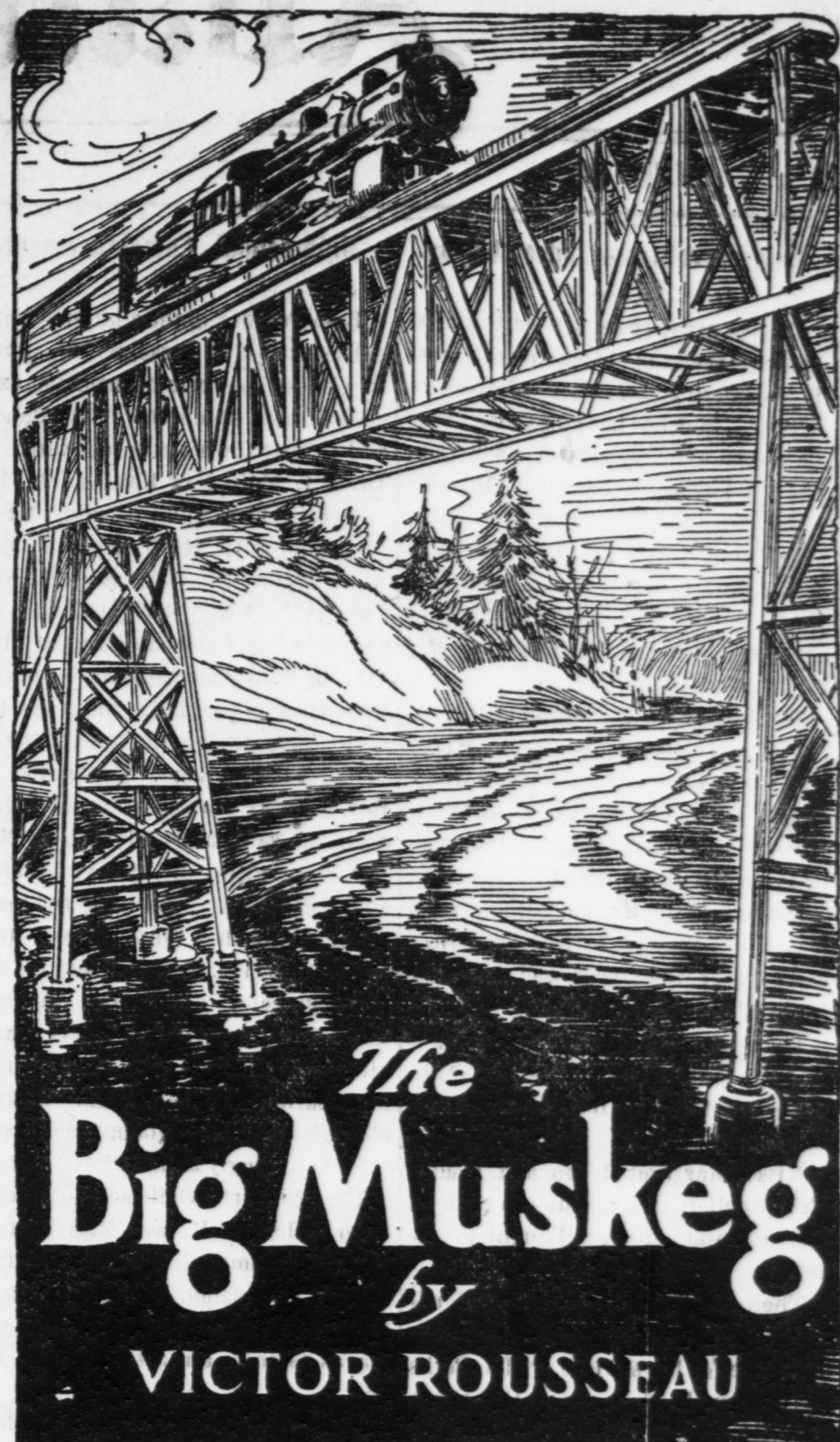
McDonald, the factor, lay on his bed in an upstairs room of the house whose lower story was the trading store, and looked out through the window over the swamp beneath. It was two weeks since Molly had found him lying with closed eyes on the floor, with the flushed face and heavy breathing of apoplexy.

For two and twenty years McDonald had lived there, serving the company. Little had changed during that time. The chief change had been in himself and, since this was to be measured rather by isolated happenings than the steady progress of time, McDonald could have counted on the fingers of one hand the scale-marks of his life.

The little finger was his arrival at Toronto from Aberdeen, drawn to the New World by stories of life in the service of the famous company. The third finger was Mary.

He had met her in Toronto, soon after his arrival in Canada, and she had been born in his own town, though he had not known her there. Molly knew vaguely that he had championed her in trouble that had come upon her, for which she was not to blame. There had been a blackmailer, a brawl, a knife-thrust, a blow struck wildly with some implement; a dead man, a white-faced girl clinging to him, and then the silence of the starlit streets. Donald McDonald still bore the scar of a ripping wound along his right forearm.

That had been their courtship. The next day McDonald had married her,



# The Big Muskeg

by VICTOR ROUSSEAU

A ROMANCE of railroad building in the grim reaches of the far North, where love and the passions of revenge and hate flame as quickly over the eternal snows as in tropic isles under the moon.

An absorbing story of a man who left to his best friend a legacy not merely of difficulty and strife, but of something infinitely more dangerous and disturbing. A tale of strong manhood and womanhood battling against the forces of nature and against more troublesome forces arising in human hearts.

This great novel by the author of "Wooden Spoil," "Jacqueline of Golden River," etc., we shall print in serial installments in

and brought her to the trading post. Six months later he was in charge of it. They had been happy during the year that passed before he laid her under the tamaracks, and after that Donald McDonald had lost all wish to return to Aberdeen or to pursue adventure farther.

Mary had been the third finger on the hand of McDonald's destiny, and her death was the middle one. The first was Molly, and it was about her that his thoughts clustered eternally.

Two seasons at the mission school at Moose Lake, a winter in Winnipeg—these comprised the girl's experience of the outside world. She helped her father in the store, and was a capable judge of mink and muskrat. She could bring down a moose at a thousand yards, and guide a canoe down Horseshoe rapids.

She had gone to the Indian camp, five miles away, with medicine for a sick papoose, at daybreak, leaving



The First Was Molly.

her father in the care of Jule Half-head, the Muskegon, a deaf mute who worked for the factor during intervals of wandering in the bush, trapping.

She did not like to leave him, for he had become more morose since his illness, and his mind seemed affected. When at last she entered the factor's room above the store, radiating youth and health, she saw with consterna-

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Extraction of  
Teeth.

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY.

tion that he was lying weakly on the pillow, and breathing as heavily as on the day of his stroke.

"You're feeling no worse, father?" she asked, sitting down beside him and taking his hand in hers.

"I'm no worse," said the factor, thickly. "You took the letter?"

"It will leave tonight. But I wish you had let me write that you are ill. The company would bring you to Winnipeg. They can do wonders at the hospital there, and you'd soon recover the use of your limbs."

Ever since his stroke the factor had dragged his right leg, and his right arm hung by his side. He hardly ever left his bed, and then only to sit, wrapped in his caribou robe, staring out through the window at the portage.

"I'll no go to Winnipeg," said McDonald. "I'll just stay here until I'm better. I'm thinking the Dog Tooths will be bringing in their peltries next week. I'm thinking I'll no buy December skins this winter."

"I was thinking the same. The fall was too late; they won't be purchasable till the middle of next month. But the Dog Tooths will want debt." "They'll get no debt," said McDonald. "See to it, Molly! But I suppose the squaws will get on the soft side of ye, and it takes a man to handle them. I'll have to get well," he continued, speaking with feverish energy.

His mind, which had turned from one idea to another, running from its fears, now leaped upon them. "What'll ye do, Molly?" he demanded roughly. "There, my lass, I didna mean to put it to you like that. But where'll ye go if I dinna?"

"Don't let us think of that, father." "Aye, but ye canna stay here. I should have spoken before." In his distress he fell into his native speech. "Mony a night I've laid awake thinking on it, before I had the stroke, in the windy wach here. I thoct I'd brocht ye up unspotted frae the world. And noo—"

She laid her other hand on his. "If

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3



# WASHINGTON LETTER.

[WALLACE BASSFORD.]

Washington, D. C. The President who proudly rode into office in March of last year with seven millions majority behind him is now so uneasy as to the result of the coming November elections that he and his director of the Budget, General Dawes, juggle appropriation figures and boldly distort the facts in the efforts to fool the people into again voting for the party of special privilege. The President's claim to saving \$1,600,000 in the past year was taken up in the House the other day by Congressman Byrnes of South Carolina and shot full of holes, Mr. Byrnes said:

"The President announced to the country that we will this year reduce our expenditures \$1,600,000,000 below the expenditure for the last fiscal year. Well, the expenditures for the last fiscal year which were authorized by a Republican Congress were the largest ever authorized in time of peace in the history of the country. If now, four years after the war, there was not a tremendous reduction in expenditures there would be little hope for the preservation of the government.

"My regret is that the President in issuing this statement did not call attention to the fact that for the year 1916, the last year prior to our entering the war when we were engaged in measures of preparedness, our expenditures did not amount to more than \$1,115,000,000, and that the estimate he now makes as to expenditures this year is \$3,922,372,030, or \$2,807,881,326 more than was spent under the Democratic administration for the last fiscal year prior to the war.

"I regret that he did not call attention to the fact that while the Budget Bureau claims these bogus savings of \$136,000,000, the fact is that the same departments have to date secured from the Congress deficiencies or supplemental appropriations amounting to \$374,691,040.65.

"The Secretary of the Treasury does not keep up with this political game. He issued a statement that we are facing a deficit, and then along comes General Dawes, who says that we are facing a deficit, and then along comes General Dawes, who says that we have saved a billion and a half dollars. The President, if he has any confidence in him at all, ought to urge the Congress to declare a dividend to the taxpayers of America, and we would all be entitled to a share. The Bureau submitted estimates for an amount larger than the appropriations for the current year and before the subcommittees of the Committee on Appropriations no one appeared to defend his estimates. The direct or contented himself with these baseless claims of savings. It is nothing but bunk—political bunk.

Mr. Byrnes then went on to show some of the specific instances where the President and General Dawes had made claims of saving—claims so easily disproved that the President appears in a childlike and ridiculous attitude before the country, if we assume that he was so easily misled by Dawes' political smoke-screen."

The defeat of Senator New in Indiana is a severe blow to the Harding administration, he being one of its closest supporters. Harding and New are not only political allies from adjoining States, but are the closest of personal friends. Beveridge, the victor in the primary, represents the same old Progressive revolt that unhorsed the Republicans in the middle of Taft's term; it is the natural rebellion against boss rule and money dictation. Every effort of the administration was made to save New and at the same time save the President's face, even to sending to the State every man who could be found in the Departments at Washington who had ever lived in Indiana. All in vain; the revolt is on and there is no chance for it to subside until Harding is driven from the White House in 1924.

## What is Religion?

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle recently said in one of his lectures upon spiritualism that spiritualism is "the very central prop on which all religion is founded," and that statement has brought many thunderbolts upon his head.

We imagine that what the lecturer was trying to do was to make a link between the Christian belief in the immortality of the soul and his ideas of earthly communication with the spirits of the departed. Now immortality is one of the central facts in religion, although there is nothing in revealed religion that resembles the rubbish Conan Doyle is giving us about "talking with the dead."

But why take trouble about answering the question, "What is religion?" We do not have to depend upon Conan Doyle, nor even upon Count Tolsty, whom another authority quotes. We are told in the twenty-second chapter of St. Matthew that Jesus was asked which is the greatest commandment and that He replied: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these hang all the law and the prophets."

Donan Doyle is making but a weak presentation of his spiritualistic beliefs, and of "proofs" he has offered none. Certainly he gets nowhere when he tries to square up the nonsense he is talking with the great truths of religion.—Louisville Post.

## Cole Blease Reappears.

Cole Blease has made his reappearance in South Carolina, and there are those who fear that he will stage a comeback.

Cole Blease is the twin brother politically speaking, of Tom Watson, of Georgia. He came into public life a few years ago preaching a crusade of hate against the negro. He was twice elected Governor, but the intelligent people of South Carolina rallied against him. He was beaten for re-election as Governor, and later beaten for the United States Senate. Although calling himself a Democrat, as does Tom Watson, Blease is as virulent a Wilson-hater as Henry Cabot Lodge. He opposed the war, opposed the draft, opposed the League of Nations. Now he wants to be Governor again.

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Ohio Salt, in Barrels or Cotton Bags.

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If Georgia elected Watson to the Senate it is perhaps not incredible that South Carolina will turn again to Blease. And after all, it is South Carolina's business whom she elects Governor, although the whole country is injured when a totally unfit man is sent to the Senate. But the tide is turning fast in Georgia against Tom Watson, and it may be that Blease is to meet another defeat.—Louisville Post.

## Shot While Robbing Safe.

For some weeks G. A. Walter, of Kings Mountain, had been missing money from his safe, which he keeps in the cellar of his store. The other night he kept watch and just after midnight a visitor came. Just as the man was opening the safe, Mr. Walter fired his gun, shooting him in the legs. The fellow ran away, but Mr. Walter followed him to his home. He proved to be Milford Vaught, and his trial will come up just as soon as it is able to bring him to town. There is no more peaceable nor law-abiding citizen in the county than Mr. Walter, but he won't stand for trespassing on his right-of-way and the fellow who attempts it, had better watch out.—Stanford Journal.

## Knocker Vs Boosters.

When the Creator had made all good things, there was more work to do, so he made the beasts and reptiles and poisonous insects, and when he had finished, he still had some scraps that were too bad to put into the rattlesnake, the scorpion and the skunk so he put these together, covered it with suspicion wrapped it in jealousy, marked it with a yellow streak and called it A Knocker.

This product was so fearful to contemplate that he had to make something to counteract it, so he took a sunbeam and put in the heart of a child and the brain of a man, and then wrapped these in civic pride, covered it with brotherly love gave it a mask of velvet and a grasp of steel, made it lover of fields and flowers and manly sports, a believer of equality and justice and called it A Booster.

And ever since these two were created mortal man has had the privilege of choosing his associates.

## Odd Case.

A parrot and a kitten who belonged to the same owner were on very friendly terms. There

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UP STAIRS.

COLUMBIA, KY

came a day when the old home had to be given up for a new abode. The kitten was taken away first, and for hours after its departure the parrot reiterated the plaintive cry: "Where's my kitty? I want my kitty!" Next day the reunion took place in the presence of interested on-lookers. The parrot, in its cage, was mounted on a table, and when the door of the room opened to admit the kitten it at once scampered across the carpet and leapt onto the table. With a chuckle of delight the parrot then descended from her perch and the two intimates kissed each other through the bars.

Keep your troubles to yourself and others will not be so apt to load theirs onto you!

Two can never live as cheaply as one, though many find it necessary to do so.

## L. H. Jones

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## Adair County News

[Published On Tuesdays]

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, ..... Editor  
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, ..... Mgr.

A Democratic Newspaper devoted to the interest of the city of Columbia and the People of Adair and adjoining Counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class matter.

TUESDAY MAY. 23 1922.

## SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

In Kentucky..... \$1.50  
Out side of Kentucky..... \$2.00  
All Subscriptions are due and Payable in Advance

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## FOR JUDGE COURT OF APPEALS.

We are authorized to announce Judge D. A. McCandless a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, Third District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that H. L. James, of Elizabethtown, Hardin county, is a Democratic candidate for Appellate Judge in this the Third District, subject to the August primary.

## THE DRAFT.

The best political means of promoting the welfare of the State is, in the opinion of the *Courier-Journal*, through the draft system, and that paper suggests "that high class citizens be drafted for important offices in Kentucky."

The first question which comes to the mind of the average citizen is, who will constitute the Draft Board, and then he wonders who will furnish the standard by which the citizenship of Kentucky is to be measured?

According to the standard established by the Democratic party, any man or woman who receives a majority of the votes cast in a primary election is a high class citizen, ready to promote the welfare of the State. The Primary Election Law is a Democratic institution. It was adopted in Kentucky by a Democratic Legislature, because the Democrats of Kentucky demanded it. It is the Thomas Jefferson idea of equal rights to all, which Woodrow Wilson wrote into the laws of New Jersey. The Republican Legislature of 1920 undertook to destroy the Democratic Primary system by amending the law so that the State Central Committee could call a convention and give the selected few an opportunity to dictate the nominations for State offices. If the Democratic State Central Committee should fall into the trap laid by the Republicans, and call a Convention, it will be very unfortunate for our Party. The women favor the primary election system and the rural voters want an equal opportunity with machine politicians. The tendency throughout the country seems to be in favor of centralization of power, which always leads to autocracy. Since the days of Jefferson and Hamilton, there have been two distinct classes of political students, those who follow the Democratic party believe that all the people are entitled to an equal opportunity in the affairs of the government, while those who follow the Republican party still adhere to the Hamilton idea that a few people are better qualified to dictate the affairs of government than are the masses. We

rural Democrats prefer to follow the Jefferson principle of equal rights to all and special privileges to none, and recommend this wholesome doctrine to our city brothers and sisters as the best known tonic for the Democratic party in Kentucky.

Mr. Gordon Montgomery went before the Tax Commission at Frankfort last week, in the interest of Adair county. The Tax Commission had raised this county \$500,000 above the list sent in by the county commissioner, and demanded the tax on it. Mr. Montgomery endeavored to convince the State Tax Commission that the raise was unjust, but his efforts were in vain, and to us it looks like the county will have it to pay. We do not know how the proceedings will be brought about, but Adair county and a number of other counties are at the mercy of the State Tax Commission.

Judge D. E. McCandless, Democratic candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals in the Third District, was in Columbia last Saturday night and Sunday and met and became acquainted with quite a number of Adair county citizens. He will be active in the canvass from now until the August primary. His opponent, Mr. H. L. James, of Elizabethtown, has not as yet visited this county, but the canvass is moving along nicely and the one nominated will be elected at the November election. At present Judge McCandless holds the office Circuit Judge, and is said to be a splendid official.

## REGISTRATION LAW.

The following should be carefully read and studied, and it would not be a bad idea for you to keep the paper for reference:

On July 10 and 11 every qualified voter in the state of Kentucky, male and female, will be required to register if they expect to vote in the regular election in November next. There will be another day for the registration of such persons as were unable for one reason or another, to perform this duty on the regular days set apart for that purpose. This registration will suffice for all time for those registering and it will not be necessary again to register so long as the qualified voter remains in that precinct.

Registration of qualified voters applies to those of the city and county precincts. Without registration it will be impossible to take part in the election in November or any primaries preceding or following. Three days are fixed for the registration this year, the third being set for 60 days just preceding the November election. In years following there will be one registration, on the second Monday in July of each year. This is for those who may have reached their majority or who may have moved from one precinct to another, or into the state and become qualified voters.

It is estimated by the county officials that the registration will cost the county \$3,500 the first year and about half that amount each succeeding year. It is believed by politicians that it will obviate much irregularity in voting and that dishonest elections will be a thing of the past. The law was passed at the last ses-

sion of the legislature.

Officers for the registration shall be appointed in June by the election commissioners and shall be the same as heretofore, judge from each of the two dominant parties, a sheriff from one and a clerk from the other. Qualified citizens must be named by the committee of each party on June 15 in writing and certified to the election commissioner for the purpose of choosing the officers.

Little change is made in the law, except the permanency of the registration. Citizens who have lived in the state one year, the county six months and the district sixty days are eligible to vote and of course for registration. A record of the vote of every citizen shall be kept by the polling officers, a place being set aside on the permanent registration book to indicate each time a voter exercise his franchise.

Other facts to be noted on the registration books which become permanent records, are: Date of registration; name and address of registrant; terms of residence in the state, county and precinct; color, age and occupation; party affiliation, sex, apparent weight, apparent height and other means of identification, such as color of hair and eyes; the signature of the voter, attested by the clerk and sheriff of election.

Unlike the old law the clerk of the registration is required to post for ten days prior to the registration written or printed notices furnished by the county clerk in at least six conspicuous places in said precinct, stating time and place of registration, with information contained in such notices as to requirements of the law, that all persons eligible to vote must be duly registered.

Whenever a registered voter changes his or her place of residence from one precinct to another in the same county, or whenever the boundaries of precinct are changed by law, it shall be lawful for such voter to apply in person to the county clerk for a new registration and it shall be the duty of the clerk, who is custodian of the registration book, to register such person in such precinct as provided for and it is made the duty of the clerk to cancel the right of the voter to vote in his former precinct by striking his name from the book from which he was originally registered.

It is made the duty of a voter in removing from one county to another to apply to the county clerk of the county from which he is moving to have his name canceled on the registration book of that county and get from the clerk certificate of that fact. This certificate shall be taken to the registration officers of the county to which he is moving on the next regular registration day and this shall be authority for registering him in the county.

Change in party affiliation may be noted on the registration book by personal application of the voter to the county clerk not less than 60 days preceding the regular election, or primary.

For violation of the law by disturbing or molesting any registration officers in the performance of duties, punishment is fixed at a fine of from \$10 to \$100. Same punishment is fixed

for any officer of registration wilfully failing to perform his duties assigned under the law.

When the governing authority for any city or county of either political party casting the highest number of votes at the preceding election shall desire, it shall be the duty of the county board of election commissioners to purge the polls at that particular precinct and these officials shall not be residents of that particular precinct desired to be purged. It is necessary to give the name and address of each voter whose right to vote is challenged. Proceedings will then be instituted to try out the right of the voter to vote in the precinct. If the two officers appointed to hear such challenges disagree on any of the challenged voters, it is then referred to the circuit court clerk who submits the case to the circuit judge. The judge decides the right of the voter in the precinct for which the books may have been destroyed. The books may not be taken from the office, except at the regular or primary elections by the officers of these elections or as evidence in court.

False registration by any person, or the obtaining of another person to register wrongfully is punishable under the act by confinement in the county jail for 1 month to 12 months.

Anyone altering or mutilating the registration books or who shall aid in making false or fraudulent entries on them will be punished upon conviction by confinement in the penitentiary 1 to 5 years. He shall

Newest Styles  
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## Tobacco Growers Attention

The Planters Loose Tobacco Warehouse Co., Inc. Glasgow, Ky.

Will Open for First Sale

November 8, 1922.

Reports repeatedly come to our notice that we have sold our Warehouse. We wish to state that these reports are false, that we have not sold our warehouse, nor have we offered it for sale. Also wish to state that our property is not for sale, and that we will positively open our WAREHOUSE FOR THE SALE OF TOBACCO, as heretofore. We have the assurance of all the Large Tobacco Companies, that they will be represented on our floors when we open.

We Will Have First Sale, November 8, 1922.

Planters Loose Tobacco Warehouse Co.

Incorporated

R. H. BARTON, President.

also forfeit any office he then holds and shall forever be disqualified from holding office in State.

Persons attempting to break up the lawful holding of registrations or molest the officers in the proper discharge of their duties may be punished by fine of from \$100 to \$500 and imprisonment from 6 to 12 months in the county jail, or both.

Copies of registration books are to be made by the county clerk and kept safely in his office.

The Colson-Ball feud again broke out at Pineville last Wednesday. The shooting commenced in the courthouse and five men were seriously wounded.

During the Morrow campaign for Governor the State Democratic administration was severely condemned for extravagant taxation, and a promise made to reduce expenses. What do the farmers of Adair county think of taxation under a Republican administration? Fifty per cent higher than they were under the last Democratic administration, and still soaring.

The flood damage in Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and other Southern States amounts to an enormous sum.

Gifford Pichot has been nominated in Pennsylvania, by the Republicans, for Governor.



## Campbellsville Hotel

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Lodging 50c. Meals 50c.  
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## K. S. LESTER

DENTIST  
Jamestown, - Kentucky.

## PERSONAL

Judge W. S. Sinclair was here last Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Geo. E. Wilson returned from Louisville a few days ago.

Mr. W. E. Shirley, Glasgow, was at the Jeffries Hotel Friday.

Mr. Doc Walker has not fully recovered, but he is at the store.

Miss Gladys Blackford, Pellyton, was in Columbia a few days ago.

Miss Kathleen Willis, who taught at Crab Orchard has returned home.

Mr. Roy Duggins, Louisville, was at the Jeffries Hotel, last Wednesday.

Mr. E. R. Parrott, Louisville, had business in Columbia a few days ago.

Mrs. Georgia Crenshaw left today for Edmonton, to remain some time.

Mr. R. C. Borders was over taking orders from our merchants, last week.

Miss Bonnie Judd is spending a week with friends in Shepherdsville Kentucky.

Mrs. W. T. McFarland recently visited her daughter, Miss Alma, at Russell Springs.

Mr. W. P. Nunnally, the popular drug salesman, Louisville, was here a few days ago.

Mr. Eugene Rice and Mr. Walter Wood, of Campbellsville, were in Columbia Friday.

Mr. A. C. Wolford and sister, Miss Pearl, Casey Creek, were here the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Mary Rickman, who makes her home with Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Flowers, was quite sick Monday.

Miss Nellie Gose, Knifley, visited her aunt, Mrs. C. G. Jeffries, and other relatives in Columbia, last week.

Mr. "Snap" Vaughn, of Lebanon was in Columbia Tuesday of last week, shaking hands with his many friends.

Miss Elmer Parks, of near Summer shade, Metcalfe county, spent several days with Miss Frances Strange last week.

Prof. Edgar Royse, Misses Bettie Cundiff and Albert Farris, who were teachers at Boston, Ky., have returned home.

Mr. W. R. Lyon was over from Campbellsville Saturday. His son, Mr. Alvin Lyon, went home with him to spend Sunday.

Eld. Cay Reece arrived home from Knoxville last Saturday and will be here two weeks before returning, to assist in a meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chapman, who have been living in Louisville, returned to Columbia last week and will remain here for the present.

Mr. Doc Walker, of the firm of Russell & Co., was taken quite ill the first of last week, being a victim of pndicitis. He will likely have to go to an infirmary.

Eld. Z. T. Williams and his sister, Mrs. Eliza Conover, left for Stanford Saturday, to be present at the birthday dinner, which was given on Sunday to Mrs. Lucy A. Carter, who is their sister and who was 84 years old on that day.

Prof. George Aaron and family arrived in Adair county last Wednesday, and for the present will be on Mr. Aaron's farm he purchased of Clarence Young, near Stapp Springs. Prof. Aaron has had a very successful year, teaching in Harrison county.

Mrs. J. N. Coffey and Mrs. Geo. F. Stults spent several hours with Mr. C. H. Yates and his daughter, Mrs. Ella Robertson, Gradyville last Thursday. Mr. Yates is quite an aged man and has been rather feeble for several weeks. He is one of Adair county's best citizens, highly respected by everybody.

Chautauqua will open in Columbia Sunday, June 18.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

ADAIR CIRCUIT COURT  
OF KENTUCKY.

S. S. Vanhoff, Pltff  
vs.  
D. P. Bryant, etc, Deft

By virtue of a Judgment and Order of Sale of Adair Circuit Court, rendered at the March Term, thereof, 1922, in the above cause, for the sum of \$250.00 with the interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the 16 day of June, 1920, until paid, and \$79.30 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Columbia, Ky., to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, on Monday, the 5th day of June, 1922, at One o'clock, p. m., or thereabout (being County Court), upon a credit of Six months, the following described property to-wit: Two certain tracts of land, lying and being in Adair county, Kentucky, on the waters of Casey Creek of Green river, and bounded and described as follows: First tract. Beginning at a poplar and white oak stumps, corner to the lands of William Irvin and J. H. Pike, thence with Pike's line S 20 W 38 poles to a stone in said line, thence S 70 E 16 poles passing through the center of a spring to a stone on the west side of White Oak County road, thence N 68 E 67 poles to a stake on the bank of a branch, pointers marked on each side of said branch in J. R. Feese's line, thence with Feese's line N 10 W 37 poles to a dogwood, small beech and small dead white oak, corner to the lands of J. T. Jones, J. R. Feese and William Irvin, thence with said Irvin's line S 71 W 58 poles to the beginning, containing 17 1/2 acres more or less. Second tract. Beginning at a beech in a hollow, J. M. Turner's corner, thence N 48 W 23 1/2 poles to a leaning poplar, thence S 32 E 60 poles thence N 70 E 59 to a white oak and dogwood in the east the east side of the Plumpoint hollow, thence N 19 W 86 poles to a dogwood and white oak, 3 yards N 66 E from J. E. Pike's corner, thence with J. E. Pike's line S 66 W 100 poles to a Sassafras and white oak and black oak sapling, thence S 20 E 30 poles to J. M. Humphries line to the beginning, containing 40 acres more or less. I will first offer the 17 1/2 acre tract described herein, and if that brings enough to satisfy the debt, interest and cost, the second or 40 acre tract will not be sold, but should the first tract fail to bring enough to satisfy the debt, interest and cost, I will then sell both tracts together. For the purchase price, the purchaser, with approved surety or securities, must execute Bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a Judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

W. A. Coffey Master Commissioner.

A. C. C.

## More Light and better light.

Use

Radium Kerosene.

Joe Hurt

Gulf Refining Co.

Miss Rose Hunn, of this city, is in the Louisville Herald's contest for an automobile. She is not only being voted for, but she is formidable. Subscribe for the daily Herald through her, thereby giving her some votes. She is one of Adair county's best young ladies, and at this time she needs the backing of her many friends.

Now is the time to buy a good Blue Grass farm. Many have to sell. We are in a position to help our friends get some real bargains.

Cress & Cress, Attys.  
Danville, Kentucky.  
29 4t

It is now confidently believed that Adair will harvest an abundant wheat crop. Fruit of all kinds look promising and a very large corn crop will be planted.

## For Sale.

Full stock Plymouth Rock baby chicks 10c each. Also setting eggs, 90 cents a setting.

Mrs. C. S. Smith,  
Jamestown, Ky.  
28 4t

Students have gone to their homes and the town will be lonesome until September.

## The Ball Game.

The base ball game played here last Thursday, Liberty against Columbia, was disappointing. Liberty was so far outclassed that it failed to score, the contest closing 13 to nothing in favor of the home team. It was believed before the contest started that Liberty would hold our boys down to a close game. If the game had been close the home team would have been better satisfied.

## More Power, More Miles

Use

That Good Gulf Gasoline.

Joe Hurt,

Gulf Refining Co.

## Married.

Miss Nellie Gose and Mr. Kelly King, a popular young couple of Knifley, were married at the Lindsey-Wilson last Sunday afternoon by Rev. R. V. Bennett. The couple left immediately for their home where the groom is in business. The bride is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ingram, this place. Her father and mother are Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Gose and she has many friends.

## Wanted to Buy.

A car load of stock ewes or ewes with lambs. Phone or write lowest cash price in first letter.

J. F. Cook & Co.,  
Lexington, Ky.  
28 4t

## Morris-Reeves.

On the 21st of May, Mr. G. C. Morris and Miss Mary Reeves surprised their many friends by being united in marriage by the Rev. Jesse L. Murrell.

The groom is a prosperous young farmer, being the son of Mr. J. W. Morris, this county. The bride is the popular young daughter of Mr. R. B. Reeves, this county. After a short trip to Louisville and other points the couple will be at home, near Ozark.

## Farmers, Take Notice.

On the 30th and 31st of May, we will plow the field of W. H. Flowers, on the Hunter farm, with 8-16 International Tractor. You are invited to come and see us plow up bushes from 6 to 10 feet high.

Respectfully,  
C. R. Hutchison.

## Maranda at the Seelbach.

All the readings given Wednesday evening at the Music and Expression recitals at the Lindsay-Wilson were delightfully received, but the most amusing recital, one that was enjoyed by every person in the chapel, was "Maranda at the Seelbach," by Miss Marguerite Royse. She was in costume and the author of the piece could not have given it better. She had the language and movements down to perfection.

## Attention, Wool Growers.

I have a contract this season to furnish large mills with wool, which enables me to pay you a better price than you can get elsewhere. Therefore, it is to your interest to see me before selling your wool.

Sam Lewis.

## A Settled Question.

The young people of this community have been predicting a future event for several weeks, and a few days ago the question was settled in the affirmative by the parents of a popular young lady. Here is what they say: Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Sanders, Campbellsville, announce the engagement of their daughter, Ellen Allen, to Mr. Alvin Robert Lyon, the ceremony to be pronounced in the Baptist church, in the young lady's home town, Tuesday, June 18, at 12 m. After a short trip the couple will come to Columbia to reside.

There will be a singing at Purdy church, the 4th Sunday afternoon in this month, conducted by J. M. Tarter and S. L. Williams. Everybody invited.

## Colored Woman Dies.

Ann Smith, of color, the widow of the John Tyler Smith, died suddenly, at her home, last Tuesday afternoon. She was in her garden at work, and it is believed that she became exhausted and her heart ceased to act. She was seventy-odd years old and a very good woman, one that her race esteemed and she will be greatly missed. She was a member of the Methodist Church and a liberal contributor. She leaves a son and daughter, and one sister to our knowledge, Mrs.

The News \$1.50 in KY,

# SPRING and SUMMER GOODS

We have just received a New Stock of Mens Clothing, Shoes, Shirts, Underwear, Ties, &c., which we are offering at reduced prices.

## LADIES MILLINERY

Consisting of a Large Stock of Pattern Hats at various prices.

## LADIES FURNISHINGS

Coat Suits, Dresses in Silks, Canton Crepes, Crepe DeChene, Gingham, Percals, &c. Ladies Underwear, Hosiery from the finest Silks down. Oxfords, Neck Wear, &c.

Come and Look our Stocks of Goods Over

# RUSSELL & CO.

# Worthmore Overalls

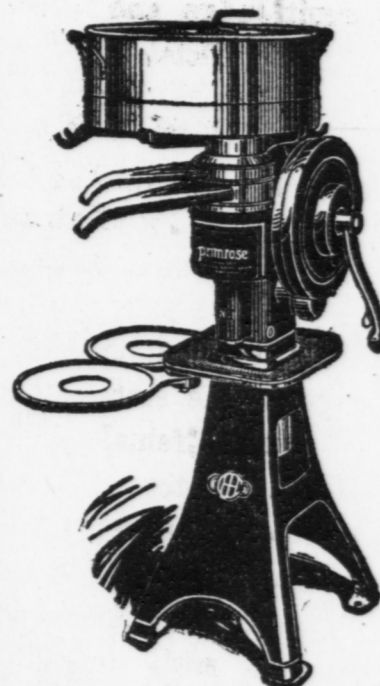
"Best Made Overall In The World"

## Ask Your Dealer Why

# Auction Sale

On Saturday, June 3, 1922, we will sell to the Highest Bidder a No. 1

## Primrose Cream Separator



PLACE your bid in a sealed envelope and mail or bring the bid to us. Mark the envelope "Bid."

On Saturday, June 3, 1922, at 3 p. m., all bids will be opened by a licensed auctioneer and a committee of farmers. Here is your opportunity to secure a PRIMROSE at your own price. Terms to responsible farmers.

This is a new machine right from our stock. We sell the Primrose and this is not a clean-up of stock. It is our way of allowing you a chance to secure a PRIMROSE at your own price.

This machine is on Display at our store. Send your bid in today.

## L. R. CHELF,

Knifley, Ky.

## L. R. Chelf,

Knifley, Ky.

I want that Primrose Cream Separator

My bid is .....

Name .....

Address .....

Enclose in Sealed Envelope. Mark Envelope "Bid".

Luther Flowers. Funeral services Thursday and the interment in the colored burying grounds, near the Church.

## Why Clean Up?

1. Because our self-respect demands it.
2. Because filth is identified with ill-health and disease.
3. Because clean surroundings make for a low death rate.
4. Because dirt menaces our welfare in every way and our safety depends upon sanitation.
5. Because since sickness means waste; cleanliness is essential to our prosperity.
6. Because cleanliness appeals to our aesthetic feeling as well as our health sense.
7. Because clean homes and clean towns indicate a high type of citizenship.

(Signed) Wm. H. Peters, M. D.  
Health Commissioner.

As fast as the people can get at the Republicans in office they are throwing them out. The latest municipal election, held April 25, at Waterford, Saratoga county, New York, resulted in the defeat of every village Republican officeholder except one through a coalition of the Democrats and Citizens' party. For the first time in many years the Republicans have lost control of that village. The election was also a severe defeat for State Senator Kavanaugh (Rep.), as Waterford is his home village. The Republican bosses of Saratoga county have had the Waterford Republican leaders on the grill explaining their defeat, but nobody can explain a landslide.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

# The Big Muskeg

By  
VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Illustrations by  
R. H. Livingstone

Copyright by Stewart Kidd Company

the worst should happen, I can take care of myself. Don't fear for me, father," she said.

"If ye could have the store. That'd be best. But the company wouldna have a woman factor. The company's conservative. And the old store'll last out my days and yours, in spite of Joe Bostock's folly. That's what Mr. Bowyer called it when he was here for the moose in October. Joe Bostock'll never cross Big Muskeg. And if he could, where'd he get his freight and passengers?"

"If ever this country's opened up, Tom Bowyer will put his own line through. He was telling me so. But there's naething here but the moose and caribou and the Indians. It's always been that way; it always will be so."

He caught her by the sleeve. "Ye'll no see Will Carruthers again!" he shouted.

"I'm not likely to, unless he comes this way," she answered in a constrained voice, dreading the outbreak of violence which she knew would follow.

"Aye, but he'll be here. I ken the man and his kind. The sight of a pretty face is meat and drink to him. He'll be here, and me lying neipless a-bed. I tell you I ken the man. Mr. Bowyer was telling me about him. His name's a by-word among decent folks."

"Well, Mr. Bowyer's own reputation isn't the best," she retorted, nettled that she was forced to champion Wilton. "You know Mr. Carruthers has an interest in Joe Bostock's line. Of course, Tom Bowyer would try to set you against them!"

The factor's face grew purple with rage; he choked for utterance.

"I ken the whole scheme weel!" he shouted. "When you went to Winnipeg you got in thick with Kitty Bostock, and never a mail comes in but there's a letter from her. She and Joe are going to get you there, to leave me here alone. Aye, I read that letter the woman wrote you, telling you that your life was wasted here. I ken what the world is; I learned it one night in Toronto, years ago. And mark me, I'll rather see ye lying dead at my feet than the plaything of a man like Will Carruthers!"

That had been the burden of his reproaches ever since Tom Bowyer's visit the autumn before.

Bowyer had poisoned his mind against Wilton—Molly was sure of that. She suspected that Bowyer had some hold over her father. She knew that, years before, he had secured him his position with the company. As it happened, the company needed men for training—Scots; for the service had become a tradition in North Britain since the days of McKenzie. And the company does not pick its employees out of the highways and byways.

Molly had known Tom Bowyer since childhood, although his visits to the trading post had occurred not oftener than once in two or three years. She had heard much to his discredit in Winnipeg, and had verified it when he spent a day or two at the portage in October. Bowyer saw bigger game in prospect than the moose, and as a beginning, resolved to rid himself of a possible rival—Wilton. Molly had spoken well of him, and Bowyer was a keen reader of mind.

When the storm of her father's rage had passed, the girl went down and stood miserably in the doorway. His insane outbursts were driving her to the very course he feared. Only his illness kept her from going away. She looked out, her mind in a turmoil of doubt.

Big Muskeg was at its loneliest. The gale was driving the snow before it in clouds like spray, and the wind howled through the gap in the bluffs. As the girl stood there she fancied that she heard a cry come across the frozen swamp.

She slipped on the hooded coat which she had left in the store, and went slowly toward the portage, listening intently. The driving wind had swept a portion of the trodden road clear of the fallen snow. In this, near the edge of the muskeg, she saw the imprint of a man's snowshoe coming from the swamp. Her eyes, trained to observation, detected instantly that there had been a loose string under the ball of the foot, which had trailed, leaving an oblique blur across the impression.

There was the one imprint, and no more. And, as she looked at it, a gust of wind drove a cloud of snow over it, obliterating it. Molly stood up. The discovery, which seemed of no importance, passed from her mind. Again she listened.

Then, with the uncomfortable feeling that she was being watched, she started and peered into the underbrush. A pair of beady eyes watched her. They were those of Jules, the half-witted deaf-mute. For the mo-

ment Molly was startled. Then she stepped forward, and the Muskegon vanished soundlessly among the underbrush.

As the girl stood there she thought she heard the cry once more. At once she was running down to the edge of the swamp and, standing her ground with difficulty in the fierce gale, she peered out, sheltering her eyes with her hand.

Then, dimly out of the whirling snow, she saw a figure stumbling toward her, bearing on its shoulder something that looked like a railroad sleeper.

Sometimes it vanished from her sight in the circular whirl of sleet, at others reappeared, stumbling into the drifts, but ever nearing her. It was within twenty-five feet of her when it slipped, and there followed the crash of the rotten ice beneath its feet. The figure broke through the slushy layer into the muskeg below.

Thus Wilton Carruthers came to the portage for the fourth time. And on this occasion he was saved by the dead man, for whose lifeless body he had risked his own life. For, as he fell, still clutching at what he bore, the stiffened form slid out over the unbroken surface and held him head and throat above the bog.

In a moment Molly was running toward Wilton. Once his head went under, and she cried out in despair, but he reappeared, and seemed to cling automatically to his support, for his eyes were closed and he was unconscious. His face was frozen white; it was only the contraction of the frozen sinews of his fingers that gave him his hold on Joe's body.

It was then that, in her horror, Molly recognized Wilton. She crept toward the break, and lay down on the ice, groping toward him with her hands. She shouted to him to hold fast and, finding that he was already unconscious, crept cautiously nearer over the cracking surface.

Then she saw what it was that Wilton had been carrying, and she recognized Joe. Stunned momentarily by the shock, she nerved herself to the task of rescuing the living. She still crept forward until the upper part of her body extended across the break. She placed her hands beneath Wilton's shoulders and tried to lift him.

It was a task beyond her powers. As she strained to it, suddenly the ice broke all about her, and in a moment she was foundering beside Wilton in the water.

At this place the underbed of the portage was of peat mixed with sand, covered with water rather than slime. Molly's feet touched bottom. The water was only shoulder-deep. With quick resource she managed to draw her feet up from the swamp and to drag Wilton forward a pace or two, thus freeing him from the clutch of the muskeg. And now she felt firm sand under her feet. She continued to drag him toward the shore and, as they moved, Joe's body, still clutched in the set of Wilton's stiffened fingers, slid grotesquely over the surface of the ice beyond.

And somehow, breaking the rotten ice in front of her body as she moved,



And Somehow, Breaking the Rotten Ice in Front of Her Body as She Moved, the Girl Succeeded in Getting Wilton to the Shore.

the girl succeeded in getting Wilton to the shore. From that point, half dragging and half carrying him over the snow, she reached the store at last.

She pried the stiff hand from Joe's body. That was the hardest of her efforts. Molly left Joe's body upon the threshold and got Wilton into her little room behind the store. She raised him on the bed and laid him down, his head upon her pillow.

Her teeth were chattering from the deadly cold that gripped her, and her own hands were numb, but she managed to strip off Wilton's socks, his hood, mackinaw and sweater. His face was not badly frozen, but his hands and feet were marble white.

Suddenly the girl saw the blood that discolored the sleeve of Wilton's shirt. She ripped the sleeve from the shoulder. She saw that the arm was broken and that a bullet, entering behind, had passed obliquely out, leaving a small but not dangerous wound. The blood had long since ceased to flow and clotted the wound in a congealed, frozen mass.

The danger from the frostbite was the more immediate. Molly took snow from the threshold and began to rub his face, his feet and his fingers. For nearly an hour the girl persisted, never

ceasing her efforts, in spite of her weariness, and the thawing, dripping clothes about her. And at last the white skin began to be suffused with an angry red.

Then she washed away the clotted blood from the arm and nerved herself to the task that must be performed. At the Moose Lake mission she had nursed an Indian with a fractured leg, set by the superintendent, and this experience was all she had to go by. But the break was a simple one. She brought the edges of the bone together, made splints from pieces of packing-case and wound the whole tightly with cloth smeared with bear's fat. Then she heated some broth and poured it, drop by drop, down Wilton's throat.

When she could do no more she took her clothes out of the room and changed in another, kept for travelers, separated by a thin partition of pine planks.

She had just finished when she heard her father shuffling down the stairs. It was the first time he had left his bed. The girl ran to the door in fear.

His eyes were suffused with red and his face twisted with passion. It was evident that he had seen the rescue from his window above and had known what Molly was doing.

He dragged himself past her without a word and looked in at Wilton, lying unconscious on the bed.

"I saw ye bring him in, Molly," he mumbled thickly. "Ye can't fool me with tricks like that. It's a trick that ye've thought of between ye. Ye'll cast him out again, aye?"—his voice, vibrated with fury—"ye'll cast him out into the snow, or ye're no longer daughter of mine."

Molly caught at her father's arm. "You don't know what you are saying!" she cried. "He has been shot. And Joe Bostock is dead. He's lying dead without. There's blood on his breast. There has been a dreadful accident—"

He grasped her fiercely by the wrist. "Joe Bostock dead!" he shouted. "Who killed him?"

"I don't know. Mr. Carruthers was carrying his body and got trapped in the muskeg. I saved him," answered McDonald with slow malice. "Ye've brought more trouble on me. The body shall not lie in this house, nor Will Carruthers' neither. Mark me, lass! Ye'll put him out in the snow to keep Joe Bostock company, or ye're no daughter of mine."

"You're mad!" flashed Molly indignantly. With a swift impulse she ran to the door and opened it. A gust of wind blew a whirl of snow into the store. To Molly's excited brain it seemed to assume the momentary form of a fantasmal figure as it wreathed itself about the factor. He uttered a cry and staggered back, clutching at the edge of the counter.

"Will you let a dead man lie there, out in the snow?" cried Molly fiercely, stretching out her hand toward Joe's frozen body. "Do you think Will Carruthers shall be flung out there to freeze to death beside him? Why, it would be murder—and on your head!"

Perhaps it was the remembrance of the past that checked the factor in his fury and brought back sanity to his mind. For a moment he stared at Joe's dead face, then raised his eyes to Molly's. And then, mumbling and clutching at the counter edge, he turned and began to drag himself upstairs.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Habitual Criminals.

Under the caption "A Sentence to Strike Terror," the New York Herald tells us of penalties imposed by a New York Judge upon two burglars taken red-handed of "not less than forty nor more than sixty years' imprisonment," and adds that such sentences are equivalent to life terms, as, serving the minimum, one of the men will be 80 when he is released and the other 74.

Well, men do not serve penal sentences of forty years under our existing penal system. There is a time off for good behavior, but, more important than that, is the fact that few prison officials believe men should be confined for more than ten or twelve years. If these two men behave themselves, and existing ideas about prison administration are unchanged, they may look forward to liberty much earlier than their sentences indicate.

The really controlling fact in these cases seems to have been overlooked by the Herald. Are these men "habitual criminals?" If so "life sentences" are the only proper judgments. It is not here so much a matter of making punishment "severe" as it is of withdrawing permanently from society men who must do wrong

if allowed their liberty because they are confirmed criminals.

The habitual criminal and the mental defective should be confined as long as they live. They should not be treated harshly; every effort should be made to brighten their lives. And as a matter of fact, such unfortunates can be made more comfortable inside an institution than they can possibly make themselves outside. —Louisville Post.

## Spring It.

If you have a new idea, spring it. This country has become great because its citizens have had the brains to produce ideas and the courage to work them out to fruition.

But don't expect to revolutionize the world with one blast. The world is older than we are. It will be here after we are gone, and other brains will be producing ideas that are a hundred times better than ours.

Every big thing has a little beginning. Because the idea is good it grows and thrives and expands until it becomes great and of lasting benefit to many people.

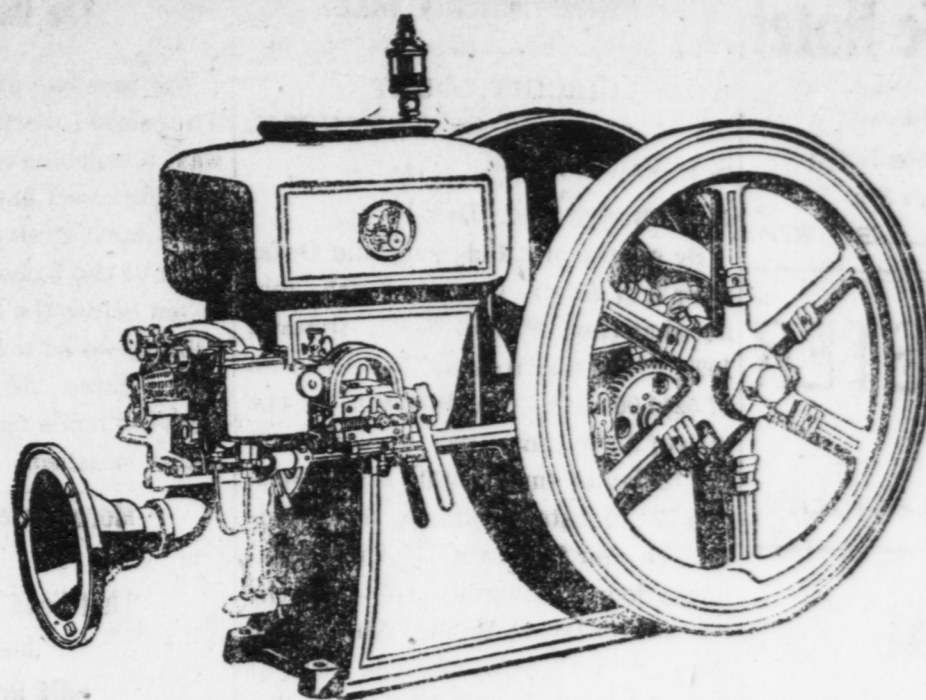
It may be so with your idea, but it will not be so long as you keep it bottled up.

Spring it.

## Exposes Evolution Theory.

Columbus, Ohio.—Asserting that "nature cannot lift itself by its own boot straps," the Rev. W. N. Briney, pastor of the Broadway Christian church, Louisville, Ky., told the Congress of the Disciples of Christ (Christian church) here "that any theory of evolution that derives man from the lower order of creation is unscientific and tends to destroy faith in the Christian religion."

"The president of one of the



# HERCULES ENGINES

DEPENDABLE POWER

at the

RIGHT PRICE

They are built for hard work

Pump your water, saw your wood, run your grinder or cut your ensilage with a Hercules.

Perfect Construction Means Low Cost for Operating  
Tremendous Output Because of Wide Demand  
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S. F. EUBANK  
COLUMBIA KENTUCKY.

THE HERCULES CORPORATION EVANSVILLE, INDIANA  
(ALSO MAKERS OF HERCULES PUMPS)

# The Big Muskeg

By  
VICTOR ROUSSEAU

To Victor Rousseau, the author of many charming tales, falls the honor of writing the first really big romance concerned with railroad building and empire winning in northern Canada.

The heart-breaking struggle of an engineer against terrific odds; the love of a woman which made her almost a martyr; the love of another woman which outlived her best instincts; the swift death that came from nowhere; the devious ways of a fox with heart of a beast and body of a man—all this woven into a fabric of singular fascination—of compelling interest.

It Is Our New Serial  
Starting

oldest and best known colleges in Virginia," said Rev. Mr. Briney, "wrote me these words recently, I know of many tragic instances of the utter loss of faith by young men and women who have come under the teaching of evolution." Prof. James Lueba, of Bryn Mawr college, in "The Belief in God and Immortality," gives this conclusion: My data would indicate that from 40 to 50 per cent of the young men leaving college enter-

## Was Very Weak

"After the birth of my baby I had a back-set," writes Mrs. Mattie Crosswhite, of Glade Spring, Va. "I was very ill; thought I was going to die. I was so weak I couldn't raise my head to get a drink of water. I took . . . medicine, yet I didn't get any better. I was constipated and very weak, getting worse and worse. I sent for Cardui."

TAKE

# CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"I found after one bottle of Cardui I was improving," adds Mrs. Crosswhite. "Six bottles of Cardui and . . . I was cured, yes, I can say they were a God-send to me. I believe I would have died, had it not been for Cardui." Cardui has been found beneficial in many thousands of other cases of womanly troubles. If you feel the need of a good, strengthening tonic, why not try Cardui? It may be just what you need.

All  
Druggists

L. 75

tain an idea of God incompatible with the acceptance of the Christian religion, even as interpreted by the liberal clergy."





### Look for this "Inside Information"

Don't just trust to luck or chance when you buy paint. Know exactly what you are getting. Hanna's Green Seal Paint gives you this "inside information." That's why the exact formula is printed on every package of

#### HANNA'S GREEN SEAL PAINT

It's good paint, containing the best ingredients, and we want you to know it. The formula proves it has quality through and through. The result is more wear and a more satisfactory job all around.

Insist that Green Seal be used on your property. Its use means true economy.

Sold by

**DAVIS HARDWARE CO.,**  
COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY.

### W. B. PATTESON

GENERAL INSURANCE

International Made-to-Measure Clothes.

Second Floor, Jeffries Building.

COLUMBIA, KY.

### DEHLER BROTHERS CO.,

116 East Market Street Telephone Main 2167

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Roofing, Fencing, Hardware, Contractors Supplies, Asphalt, Shingles.

### Columbia Barber Shop

MORAN & LOWE

A Sanitary Shop, where both Satisfaction and Gratification are Guaranteed.

Give us a Trial and be Convinced.

## "111" cigarettes



A year ago—  
almost unknown  
Today—a leader

# 10¢

A sweeping verdict for QUALITY

### VICTOR ROUSSEAU



An able and busy novelist, Victor Rousseau has turned out many stories and has escaped the criticism made of so many popular writers. Many authors who write a great deal find difficulty in avoiding a sameness of plot and characterization. Mr. Rousseau has been able to escape this. Everyone of his tales shows a refreshing originality in plot and handling.

He made his success in the United States several years ago and is now returning to this country after a sojourn in the literary circles of England. He knows Canada well and it is not surprising that his latest book should deal with a very vital phase of the redeeming of northern portions of that country from the wilderness. A story of romance and thrilling adventure, it is entitled, "The Big Muskeg" and will be offered to readers of this publication as a serial. Do not miss the opening instalment.

Used 40 Years

## CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Sold Everywhere

#### A Difficult Situation.

The Harrison County Board of Supervisors was called together again this week to essay a further increase in assessments of the county, in conformity to a demand of the State Tax Commission, which refused to accept the valuations as returned. The assessment fell nearly nine hundred thousands below the amount demanded by the State Tax Commission, although the Board of Supervisors was in session for several weeks and did a conscientious work. Now the list must be revised again.

The State Tax Commission is endeavoring to put into effect a one hundred per cent valuation which has never been done anywhere and will not be done here. It cannot be done. The Commission itself could not do it. "It isn't done you know." But the effort may lead to an early repeal of the tax law.

The argument is that if each man gave to the assessor his property at full value the revenues would be so large that the tax rate would be reduced and everybody would benefit. The fallacy of the argument lies in the fact that the more money poured into the State treasury the more money the State spends. An overflowing treasury means a profligate Legislature. The lure of a large bank account is never resisted. The money is there why not have a good time?

But after all the fault is with the people. They pay too little attention to politics. They are too careless and indifferent about who goes to the Legislature, who sits in the seats of the mighty at the State capital. They are unwilling to get down into the mire of politics, and as a consequence the few not so fastidious run the whole business. The people foot the bill. Harrison county's supervisors will therefore proceed to dig a little deeper and unearth about a million dollars more, if possible, to pour into the hopper.

Maybe some day the lesson will be learned but we doubt it. The simple truth is, the people have not yet proved they are capable of self government. They seem to need a big-brained strong-armed man to tell them what to do and make them do it. —Cynthiana Democrat.

Some fond parents make a great mistake. They bring their children up as they would hot-house plants. They are continually kept indoors, are seldom allowed to enjoy the companionship of other children, and are denied that life in the open that puts red blood into human veins. Years later, when they develop weak or abnormal minds, or show a lack of capacity for success in the world of affairs, their deficiencies become a handicap to them and a source of grief to the parents who could have prevented such a condition had they adopted the right course in the beginning. The sun shines for little children as well as for adults. Let them enjoy it to the full if you would have them justify the love and devotion you bestow upon them. —Lebanon Enterprise.

#### Ozark.

Mrs. Pearl Maupin and two daughters, Maggie and Gertie, who have been living at Craycraft for two years, will leave in a few days for Monticello their future home. Mr. Maupin has there for some months. Mrs. Maupin is a good neighbor and the entire family will be missed.

"Uncle" John Bryant, who is 88 years old is feeble, confined to his bed a great deal of the time.

Mrs. E. A. McKinley attended the burial of Mrs. Holt and children at Russell Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Welby Ellis were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Bryant last Sunday week.

Mrs. Conover and daughters, Misses Ida and Alice, were guests at the home of Mr. Frank Montgomery last Sunday.

#### Gadberry.

The health of this community is very good at present.

We had a very bad hail storm at this place Tuesday night.

Miss Mattie Hurt of this place is still very sick.

Born to the wife of Ol Bennett on May 9, a son,

Mr. Bryan Dudley, of Columbia, spent last Thursday night with his sister, Mrs. Prather Morrison, of this place.

Mr. J. L. Darnell and family, and Mr. Z. L. Bennett and family spent last Sunday with Mr. R. T. Gadberry.

Miss Helen Gadberry is spending this week with her uncle Mr. John Darnell, of Fairplay.

The party at Mr. Leslie Rosenbaums last Saturday night was well attended and all reported a nice time.

Mr. Mont Darnell, of Glenville, spent Monday night with his parents of this place.

Mr. R. T. Gadberry spent last Sunday with his aunt, Mrs. Gather Bryant.

Mr. Martin Sharp is suffering with a cancer on his nose.

#### It Is a Pity.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of General Grant did not escape notice beyond the seas and it is very interesting to notice the observation of one English paper that "it is a pity we did not develop a General Grant in 1914-18."

There is a lot in this. The British Soldiers, English, Scotch, Irish and Colonial fought with magnificent bravery in the great war, but, except in Mesopotamia and Palestine, they were poorly led. The grand army in France had two commanders, General French and General Haig. Gen. French was a failure and had to be recalled. In one way Gen. Haig avoided failures. He was a cautious, careful man, who avoided taking risks, and, therefore, avoided great disasters. But Gen. Haig was as different from Gen. Grant as Gen. Grant was from some of the other Union generals. Knowing that he had the advantage of numbers General Grant attacked again and again, and at last broke through.

The British and French armies outnumbered those of Germany in France all through the year of 1917 as 3 is to 2, but the attacks made were, comparatively speaking, of a feeble character. Of course the lack of unity of command, for which General Haig was more responsible than anyone else, figured in the situation, but it is difficult to doubt that, if the allies had had a General Grant in supreme command in 1917, the war might have been brought to an end a year earlier. —Louisville Post.

#### Dancing, Hard Work.

Can you walk 25 miles without giving out? Probably not. Yet you cover that much distance in an ordinary evening of dancing.

A German scientist recently figured it out.

Madalyn Lee, young Boston girl, checked the figure. She wore a pedometer, danced five hours, found she had traveled 25 miles. Not only that, she "finished fresh."

A Marathon runner, doing 25 miles at about the same speed as a modern fast dancer, staggers down the home stretch and falls into his trainer's arms.

How do you explain it.

On a 25-mile Marathon the runner moves steadily, without stopping.

The 25-mile dancer steps the light fantastic for a few minutes then pauses to recuperate. It's like the intermission between rounds of a prizefight.

The human body is a machine. It runs steadily just so long, then gets over heated. A pause to halt combustion of energy by the thyroid gland, also cools the brain, steadies the reserves and recharges the batteries.

Rested, if only a few minutes the body is ready to go ahead again at top speed.

That's why, returning from a

short vacation sensibly spent in rest we find our energy doubled as we settle down again to work. —Ashland Independent.

Judge Francis Baker has rendered in the United States District Court of Milwaukee a decision that will attract nationwide attention. The case related exclusively to the rights of minority stockholders. In the case at point it was proven that a corporation was earning dividends, but the majority directors were refusing to declare dividends. Judge Baker held that the minority stockholders have a right to secure "the wages of capital." He, therefore, directed that at least 6 per cent. in dividends be declared, and intimated that, if this is not done, the court will have to, in protection of the minority stockholders, appoint a receiver. The case will be appealed. We do not know how the reviewing court will look at the matter, but unquestionably there is a reasonableness in the court's opinion. If the corporation is prospering it seems only fair that the stockholders should receive from their investment what Judge Baker properly calls "the wages of capital." Of course the rule of reason must apply. No dividends should be ordered unless not only the dividends but a reasonable amount for surplus has been earned. —Louisville Post.

A woman in Tennessee who saw Marshal Foen while he was touring the United States under the auspices of the American Legion, has written the marshal asking him to send her one of his worn out shirts. She wants to make an apron, she declares, and would like to have it autographed.

On July Fourth, all persons in Seattle, Washington., who have reached the age of 21 during the preceding year will take a public oath of allegiance to the United States and the Constitution, under the auspices of the Washington University post of the American Legion.

As a measure of preparedness for another flood, American Legion men of Pueblo Colorado, are establishing two rescue stations outside the flood territory where ropes, boats and other equipment will be kept.

When the Police Commissioner announces that New York is the safest city in the country, he carefully neglects to mention for just what class of people it is safe. —New York Tribune.

Louise Gardner, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gardner of Campbellsville, died in Lebanon after an operation for an abscess of the head.

If conditions continue as they are the public will have to go to jail in order to get away from the criminals. —New York Tribune.

John Meece, night clerk of Candler's restaurant in Somerset, was held up by two youthful bandits and robbed of \$25.

Every man wants his neighbors to be perfect. It leaves that much more devilment for him to absorb himself.

The self conceited man is a genius in his own estimation who doesn't worry over what other people think.



Middleton, Ill.

Editor of the News:

I would not think of stopping the News so here is money order to pay for same.

There has been quite a bit of rainy weather this spring and farmers are behind with their work, wheat and meadows look fine.

All the Kentucky folks are getting along fine. Your humble servant was elected village clerk this spring and am holding down a job as bookkeeper for Ott and Adams garage, the two positions pay a neat little salary.

Hope your faithful correspondent, Mr. W. M. Wilmore, of Gradyville, will soon be able to give us the news from our home town.

There is a fine prospect for a fruit crop of all kinds. Will ring off by saying keep the News coming.

Wishing the News force and its many readers much success, I remain,

Yours truly,  
G. C. Wilson.

Coburg.

The farmers in this section are very busy planting corn and setting tobacco.

We are sorry to report Mr. Ike Farris no better at this writing.

Miss Annie Morris spent last week with her sister Miss Eva Morris at the Jeffries Hotel.

Miss Carrie Johnson spent Saturday night and Sunday with Ruth Morris.

Several from this place attended the singing at Carmel last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. O. R. Ware, of Dannville, spent a few days of last week with relatives of this place.

Miss Mayme Davis returned home one day last week from a few days visit with her sister, Mrs. W. P. Feese, of Campbellsville.

The little daughter of Mr. W. P. Feese, who was badly burned not long ago, is getting along nicely.

There will be preaching at Asberry next Sunday.

Try It.

A writer on the Lebanon Enterprise gives this very good advice. It might pay you to follow it:

Could you use a hundred dollars a year at this time? Did you ever see anyone who couldn't? Then save two dollars every week from now on and you'll have it. This isn't a savings bank advertisement. It's just a little sermon on thrift. It is true you may know men who are extravagant and who are rich at the same time but they are not rich because of their extravagance but in spite of it. When all the greatest thinkers and the biggest business men in the country preach thrift it seems pretty good evidence that there must be something to it. When nearly every substantial man you know states that he has started his first savings account with a dollar there is no reason why we should be ashamed to form the savings habit.

Try saving two dollars every week. You won't miss it. If you don't put it in the bank you will spend it foolishly on some passing whim. Two dollars now-a-

days couldn't buy anything very much worth while but added to some more two dollars you will have a hundred before you know it. If you don't believe it, try and find out.

#### A Good Law.

Congress has passed, with little dissent, and the President has signed the Miller anti-narcotic bill, which is to be a supplement to the Harrison law enacted by a previous Congress. The new law provides some new restrictions relative to the importation of dangerous drugs, and, moreover, fills in the gaps left open in the Harrison law.

There is no division of opinion among our people relative to the wisdom of enforcing the laws against the sale of opium, morphine and kindred drugs. In so far as those drugs are needed in medicine they will be obtainable, but we are determined that this shall not be a nation of drug addicts.

And as it is with opium and morphine it will be in time with alcohol. The case against alcohol rests primarily upon the theory that alcohol is a dangerous and habit forming drug. We are enforcing with success the anti-narcotic laws, and we will find will a way to enforce the prohibition laws. — Louisville Post.

#### LOOKS LIKE A REVOLT.

Cordell Hull, chairman of the National Democratic Committee, declared in a statement that the "success of the Pennsylvania Republicans in revolt against the reactionary leadership of their party, following the lead of Indiana Republicans in nominating a former Bull Moose for Governor is a defeat for the party organization in the nation."

"The reported defeat of six administration candidates for Congress," he added, "emphasized the rebuke to the national administration. The regular Republican organizations in Pennsylvania and Indiana, now destroyed, were controlling factors in the Republican national convention of 1920 and have been functioning in closest political, personal and official co-operation with the present national administration."

"The leaders of the corrupt Pennsylvania machine have enjoyed the high favor of the Harding administration. The machine candidate for Governor, Mr. Alter, was recently presented at the White House by Attorney General Daugherty, Mr. Harding's close friend and campaign manager, creating the impression that he enjoyed executive approval and favor."

"The millions of bankrupt farmers, idle laborers and badly injured business men, with their awful panic experiences during 1921 fresh in their minds, are taking the first opportunity to record their deliberate condemnation of the national administration for its universal failure to make good its promises in every important respect."

Twent-six race horses valued at \$500,000 were burned to death last Tuesday night in Lexington when the stable of Johnson M. Camden, former United States Senator was destroyed by fire. A number of the horses were owned by J. C. Milam, a prominent breeder.

Here is the way they settled it near Port Huron, Mich. Joseph Lobert, a farmer, and his wife had trouble and with butcher knives and an ax they fought until they both received wounds from which they died on the spot. Two of their children, one 6 years old the other two witnessed the deadly conflict.

The Louisville Times says that the reason that King Swope can not make up his mind to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress is, that he believes that the Democrats have already made up their minds as to what they will do to him.

#### Military Training.

Great interest in summer military training is being shown by the young men of this city who are of military age. Major General George W. Reed, U. S. A., of Fort Benjamin Harrison, commanding the Fifth Corps Area, has announced that the 1922 "Citizens Military Training Camp" for the Fifth Corps Area, which comprises the states of Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia, will be held at Camp Knox, near Louisville, Kentucky, commencing probably on August 1st and lasting for thirty days. All plans, of course, are contingent upon the necessary funds being appropriated by Congress. The Army Appropriation Bill, which it is hoped will carry adequate provisions for these camps, is now before the Senate.

Present plans provide for the training at Camp Knox of 2,250 men in the Red (basic) Course. This course is intended for those who have never had military training or who desire to obtain practical field training in addition to training already received in a cadet corps or similar organization. The military training given will be confined to the simple fundamentals, sufficient to qualify a graduate for enlistment in the Organized Reserves the "Citizen Soldier" branch of the United States Army. Any man between the ages of 17 and 25, of good moral character and possessing average general intelligence is eligible to attend this course. Application blanks may be secured from, and should be submitted to the Adjutant, 200th Infantry Brigade, Post Office Building, Louisville, Ky., who is in direct charge of the recruiting for the camp throughout the State.

In addition, about 600 men whose military qualifications are equal to or greater than those of a graduate of the Red course will be given training in the next higher, the White Course, the purpose of which is to qualify them as non-commissioned officers in the Organized Reserves. Age limits for this course are 18 to 26 years. An additional 150 men especially qualified, and selected principally from the non-commissioned officers of the Organized Reserves and National Guard, will be given the highest course, the Blue, which is intended to qualify them for commission in one of the components of the U. S. Army. Age limits for this course are 19 to 27.

Any man with previous military training in the Regular Army, National Guard or Organized Reserved is eligible for any

## INSURE WITH MEN WHO KNOW



Destructive forces in the air are incombustible. Death and damage may come with any flash of lightning.

This destroyer plays no favorites. It comes today—perhaps tomorrow, and may ruin your property.

You can't afford to run the risk of being unprotected against loss. For a small premium you can buy sound indemnity. It will pay when your losses come.

Remove all chance of loss by getting this insurance protection today.

Greedy, Ravenous fire lays waste farm property worth many dollars.

Despite extreme carefulness and all fire prevention methods, fire will break out.

There is one sure way for you to avoid loss. Shift your risk by insuring in a reliable Company which will pay your losses from its vast resources.

Buy your insurance before it is too late thereby protecting your present wealth.

Only reliable insurance can be obtained here.

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## IT'S A "Red Baby"

Just Arrived

Big and Healthy.

and Full of "Pep"

With Red Dress and Gold Braid

Born to

Render Service

It Won't be Long Before  
It Will be Out to see You

L. R. CHELF  
KNIFLEY, KY.

McCormick-Deering Line

Love in a cottage is sweet in proportion to the amount of grub on the table.

Patience is a virtue until it is carried beyond bounds.

When a girl wants to marry she immediately begins to deny the fact.

Cut your visits short and your friends will not cut you.

Geo. Remus, reported to be the King of all bootleggers, was tried in Cincinnati last week. He was given two years in the penitentiary and fined \$10,000. He ran loose a long time.

Poor families in Nashville, Tenn., will be provided with ice this summer by the Nashville Post of the American Legion. The service men reported scores of indigent families unable to keep food and milk for babies during the sweltering weather.

Good times are just ahead of us, but they seem to be moving about as fast as we do.